

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Death Toll Rising"

Yeah, Jedi Mind
Pack Pistol Pazzo
Yo Stoupe, hermano, yeah

You talking gunplay? Well let's play with them guns
See, Allah don't like ugly and you stay in the slums
Pazienza take flights while you begging with bums
The cult of the black virgin isn't safe in the sun
Heckler & Koch, black ski mask and an onion
This motherfucker crack a smile like he's laughing at somethin'
Take his batiman hard like I'm snatching it from him
He ain't smart enough to understand assassins is comin'
I'm blasting this son, this something put you in the tomb
And that whopper go (ta-ta-ta-ta) shoot through the room
My dude I'm a goon, strapped with two-two's in the womb
See and Pazzo's spelling something and it's usually doom
Shit is gonna get ugly if you violate my space
The six pack click-clack barrel in his face
Them jump out boys will hit you without warning
Bring pies to your crib like this was a housewarming
(Welcome to the neighborhood!)

Hold up doggy, that's the type of weapon you with?
That's the type of bullshit you should've left in the whip
You ain't worthy of the bullets I got left in the clip
Soon as shit starts popping I go right for the grip
I'm liable to flip, serial killer and it's copycat
The Mossberg lean, it's 7 percent bodyfat
You the main producer of predictable punani rap
Chamber pressure pushes the bullet and push his body back
You cookin' in the kitchen but avoiding the chef
I'm like Heisenberg, mastermind, boiling meth
Homie have to take an L it's unavoidable death
They say the plant'll grow sturdy if the soil is wet
On some greaseball shit, overflowing with gravy
Don't tell me about the pain just show me the baby
On some De La shit pa, I am who I be
The executioner is coming and it's probably me
Muerte!